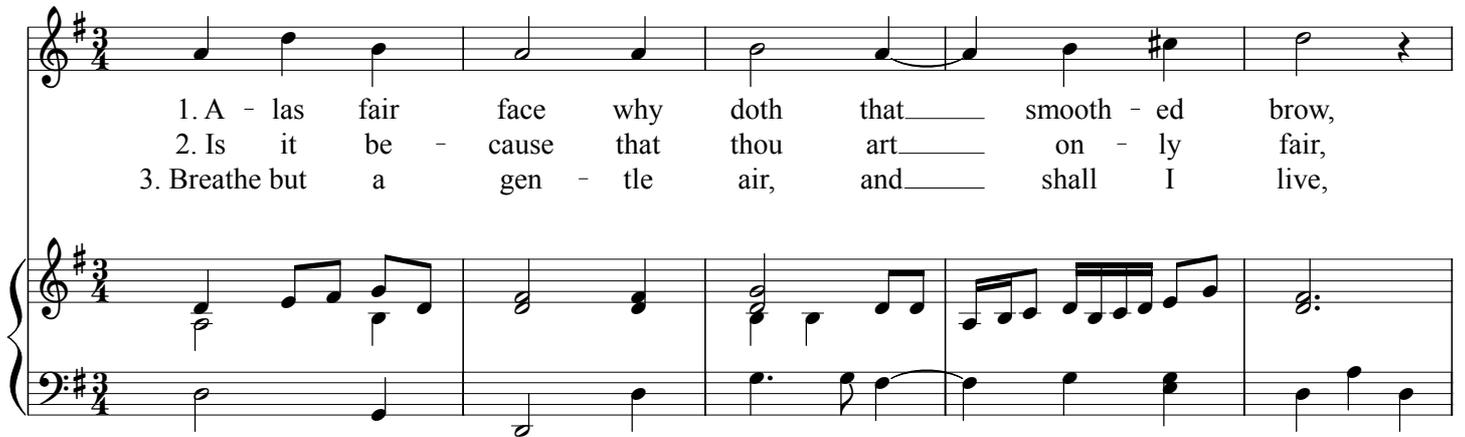


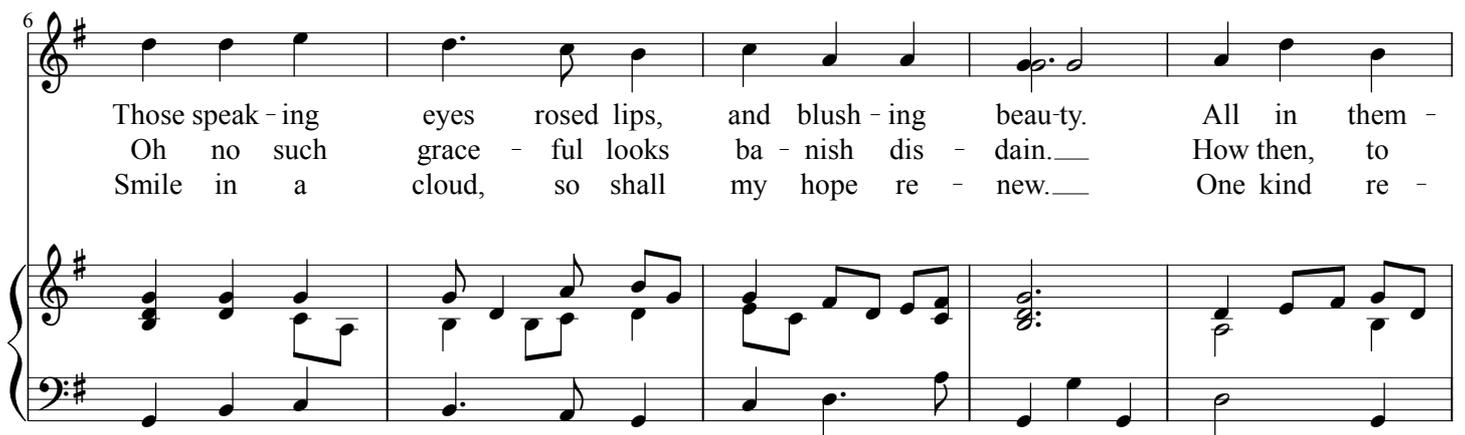
# Alas fair face why doth that smoothed brow

First Book of Airs (1605), No. 4

Francis Pilkington



1. A - las fair face why doth that smooth - ed brow,  
2. Is it be - cause that thou art on - ly fair,  
3. Breathe but a gen - tle air, and shall I live,



6  
Those speak - ing eyes rosed lips, and blush - ing beau - ty. All in them -  
Oh no such grace - ful looks ba - nish dis - dain. How then, to  
Smile in a cloud, so shall my hope re - new. One kind re -



11  
selves con - firm a scorn - ful vow, To spoil my hopes of love,  
feed my pas - sions with dis - pair, Feed on sweet love, so I  
gard, and se - cond feel - ing give, One ris - ing morn, and my

17

my love of du - ty. The time hath been, when I  
 be loved a - gain. Well may thy pub - lic scorne  
 black woes sub - due. If not, yet look up - on

21

was bet - ter gra - st, I now the same, and yet  
 and out - ward pride, In - ward af - fec - tions, and  
 the friend - ly sun, That by his beams, my beams

25

that time is past.  
 best lik - ings hide.  
 to thine may run.